

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

BRITAIN'S COMING SPORTS STARS

WHERE are the new young stars who will attract the crowds when Peace returns?
I have on many occasions been asked this question by Service men, especially those who have returned from distant battle-fronts, some of whom think that there is a dearth of sporting talent. Unlike the previous war, sportsmen do not, except in a few cases, have the same facilities for showing their skill.

Despite all these difficulties, however, I have, in the course of my travels about the country, seen many young men who will develop into just as great stars as those who went before them.

One thing—and I know this will surprise my many Northern readers—it is in the South, for a change, that we to-day find the larger part of our sporting talent, although many of the stars are from the North and are serving with the Forces in the South.

In the Football World, for example, we have seen quite a number of young men reach the top of the ladder.

Arsenal can point to Marks, Scott, Lewis and Compton; Tottenham Hotspur—a long list—have as outstanding examples Ditchburn, Tickeridge, Chisholm and Captain Roy White.

The latter, it may surprise you to know, was blinded on the beaches of Dunkirk. Brought back to Britain, he lay in hospital for several months until, by a miracle, his sight returned. Now he is a candidate for the England team.

So is young Mortensen, Blackpool's wizard inside-forward, who played for Wales when they were a man short at Wembley. He took the place of another war-time Blackpool star, Ivor Powell. Queen's Park Rangers' left-half, a bonny player with a great future. The Rangers, by the way, have a

young amateur centre-forward, Bill Heathcote, who is quickly showing his great skill as a goal-scorer.

Perhaps the North country's best war-time product is Joe Hardwick, the Middlesbrough full-back, now playing for Chelsea, who succeeded Hapgood as England's left-back.

Scott and Hardwick make the speediest pair of backs England has ever called upon. They can each "clock"



just over ten seconds for a hundred yards. As they're young, Scott and Hardwick may well be England's full-backs for many years to come.

Yes, we still have star material developing on the football field, despite the war. Again I have noticed that the

North country, although large numbers of Northerners have shown splendid form, have not, on the surface at least, produced during the war a cricketer who may well make for himself a world-wide reputation.

I should, however, suggest to Yorkshire followers that they watch young Hobbs Sutcliffe. I am referring to Herbert Sutcliffe's young son, who played a splendid innings at Lords last summer. He is named by Sutcliffe after the "greatest of them all"—Jack Hobbs, of Surrey and Eng-

land, holder of the biggest number of centuries scored in first-class cricket.

Jack Hobbs, who always believed in giving youth its chance, must feel pleased at the progress being made by Surrey. They have been playing a truly brilliant all-rounder, a "Colts" side since the outbreak of war, and many youths have

been developed into first-class players, well able to take their place in the County side when County Cricket, with all its glory, is resumed.

Surrey's Bedser Twins, Eric and Alec—who look so much alike that one umpire accused Alec of trying to get two innings when he followed Eric in after his brother was bowled—are perhaps the two outstanding war-time discoveries. They are both all-rounders of great ability.

So is Kent's Sergeant Tommy Evans, although he prefers to keep wicket. Evans

is also a bat of ability, and looks a ready-made successor to Leslie Ames in the Kent and England team.

Lancashire's airman, L.A.C. Nutter, like his father, the former Formby professional, is a truly brilliant all-rounder, another to put on your "short list" as a potential England

player in the post-war Tests. Cricket stars are being "born" in war, as in peace—only to-day they do not have so many opportunities of showing their skill.

COME THE BOXERS.
In the boxing world Britain has rarely been so well off for talent.

In addition to Glasgow's Jackie Paterson, who is a world champion, we have Bournemouth's Freddie Mills, well in the line for a tilt at the world cruiserweight championship, Arthur Danahar (London), a possible champion welterweight star after the war, Bruce Woodcock (Doncaster), who is going to become a serious rival to Mills, and Alf Brown (Catford), former amateur cruiserweight champion, and has "everything" a champion requires.

If this young man decides to take the professional "ticket," I confidently expect to see him leap into the front. In Ronnie Bissell we have a boxer who will go a long way.

NAVY BATTLER.
The Navy's own favourite, Gus Foran, the Lancashire batt-

ler, a gunner in the Senior Service, is another who may well be a "big noise" in post-war boxing.

He has been boxing for three years, and has used every bout to further his own skill. In other directions, too, I have seen young men preparing to take the places of the stars of to-day when post-war sporting development commences.

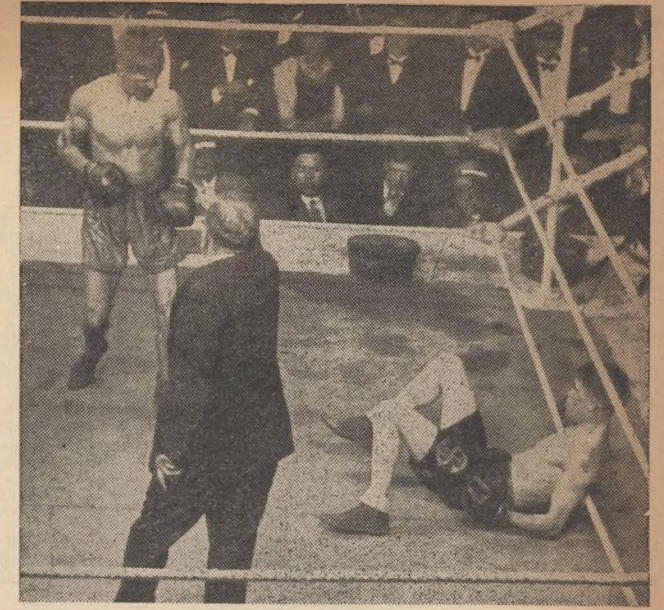
Our great little mile athletic champion, Sydney Wooderson, has seen young Dennis Wilson, a Civil Defence worker, develop quickly into a potential rival.

Tim Lewis, of Hampshire, and W. J. Moss, from the Midlands, both under eighteen years of age, are, wherever they play, showing immense possibilities as tennis players. They have all the essentials for success.

I feel that it should be the concern of the Government to encourage sport as much as possible. In the past Germany, and others of the Axis fraternity, placed into the field against our real amateur teams highly-trained "shamateurs."

If these professionals, as was sometimes the case, defeated their opponents, the Axis used it as propaganda—and gained the idea that we were a "decadent people."

Under the strain of total war, with very few facilities, we are still producing, though perhaps not in numbers, sportsmen who have few equals in the world.



E.R.A. Douglas Masters

NEWS FROM YOUR HOME

THERE was quite a party going on when we called to see your wife at Bewick Road, Leicester.

Your sister-in-law, Sylvia, had her R.A.F. boy-friend there, and he had brought an airman friend.

Your mother-in-law and father-in-law were at home, and we all sat down to dinner together.

Your wife is making a rug for you, and with a roar of laughter everyone said she is doing a lot of knitting and crocheting of late.

She kept showing me your wedding photographs, and told me to remind you of that "very special picnic" you had. It's a secret between you, she added.

As soon as dinner was over, the R.A.F. set to work entertaining the party.

They are all a very happy family. One by one they sent their love to you, and all want to see you home.

We also went round to Conway Road to see your mother. She is well, and said to me, "Bless him. Send him love from me."



"A special smile for Doug."



These machines see ahead

FORTUNE-TELLING is illegal in England—but scientists foretell the future with great precision, and far from being prosecuted are encouraged, since their work is of the greatest benefit. The forecasts are made with machines of great ingenuity. They are really of two kinds—machines that, when fed with "present day" data, perform intricate calculations indicating the future, and models in which it is possible to speed-up time and thus get an actual picture of the future.

Typical of the latter class are the "tidal models." These are models of actual places, with running water representing the rise and fall of the tide, and having the same effect, in miniature, on the model material as the real

tide does on a harbour or estuary. The largest tidal model in the world was completed at Cambridge in 1935, to discover whether the theoretical and mathematical calculations which had been made about tidal erosion on the River Ouse were correct. Plans had been put forward for works costing nearly £6,000,000 to deal with the outfall of this river, which drains the fens, and the model was to test the accuracy of these plans before they were put in hand.

The scale used was 25 inches to the mile, or 1 to 2,500, and the model was housed in a special building 73 feet long. Even then, one of the rivers had to be curled so as to be contained within the walls. The vertical scale, of course, had to be exaggerated, and the scale used was 1 to 41.7. There was also a time scale. The tides which normally rise and fall in a year were compressed into 27.1 hours, so that by running the model for two months the effects of about fifty years ahead would be produced.

The greatest care and ingenuity was necessary to get the right effects. For instance, sand samples were examined microscopically at twenty different places, and the salinity tested at many points. Tide gauges were placed on the model and the results obtained compared with those of the actual tide. The "bed" of the estuary consisted of two inches of pumice powder; this showed the silting effect of the tide.

The flow of water was exactly controlled by valves,

and the effects of the tide produced by a plunger weighing twelve tons, working on a cam which exactly reproduced the tide cycle, sending the water to the proper heights for spring and neap tides. The plunger is electrically driven, and once started, continues to compress a year into a little more than a day until stopped.

These models can, of course, be run "backwards." The Ouse model was tested by being run backwards to 1873, the readings given by the model then being compared with actual recorded data of that time. Incidentally, another tidal calculator was once run backwards to the 11th century to clear up an obscure historical point connected with a minor battle supposed to have taken place. Historians asserted that it could not have happened. The machine showed that the soldiers could have crossed the stretch of sand at the time on the day stated.

Tidal models have been built of other estuaries. One of the most valuable shows the silting in Rangoon harbour. It forecasts it accurately in London, and enables the necessary dredging measures to be taken. This model is on the scale 1 to 8,068. Another was built in 1926 by the Severn Barrage Committee to clear up points about the effect the proposed barrage would have. The model forecast what would happen.

The movements of the planets for many years ahead and tide tables are worked out by ingenious machines which save years of difficult

calculations by human beings. The planetarium actually shows the changes of the heavenly bodies. It can be speeded-up so that twelve hours are compressed into twenty minutes, or faster if desired. If you want to know what the sky will look like at 11 p.m. on May 21st, 1984, you have merely to set the machine and let it run. Primarily the planetarium is for entertainment and instruction—mathematical calculators would give the position of the planets more accurately.

The planetarium consists of a hall whose domed roof represents the sky. On to this a very complex projector with 32 "eyes" projects images of the planets and all the stars visible to the naked eye, each star with its relative size and brightness. The machine is started and the stars begin to move in perfect "time." The usual speed is a day's movement in twenty minutes. The machine can show the sky from any desired point of the earth, and at any time from 30,000 years ago to 30,000 years on! It costs about £50,000. There are only a few in the world—none in England, but several in the U.S.A.

Another kind of future-forecasting machine is designed to test materials. For instance, if you have a paint and want to know how it will stand up to five years' weather without waiting for five years, it is placed in a machine in which all the changes in temperature, humidity, sun and rain, snow and hail, for any given point, are compressed from five years into one day.

When the painted board comes out, it is exactly as your window-sill will be five years hence!

T. S. DOUGLAS.

USELESS EUSTACE



"—And on what grounds do you wish for a separation—?"

HERE'S A TEASER!

If it takes 20 hurdles to hold in 100 sheep, how many hurdles would be needed to hold 200 sheep? Solution in No. 242.

QUIZ

for today

1. A haggard is an old woman, wild horse, bird, Scottish dish, Irish footpad, miser?
2. Who wrote (a) The Citadel, (b) The City of Dreadful Night?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Leather, Rubber, Fur, Flannel, Silk, Skin, Vellum?
4. On what river does Leicester stand?
5. What is the earliest date on which Easter Day can fall?
6. How many sleepers go to a mile of railway track in England?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Unique, Neice, Nephew, Exquisite, Hazardous, Villein, Maintainece?
8. How many is a lac of rupees?
9. What is the capital of Abyssinia?
10. What is the date of Oak Apple Day?
11. When was prohibition in the U.S.A. repealed?
12. Complete the pairs: (a) Victoria and —, (b) Samson and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 240

1. Hawk.
2. (a) Dr. Axel Munthe, (b) Kipling.
3. Larch sheds leaves in winter; others don't.
4. Dee.
5. Clapham Junction, London, with 2,500 trains per day.
6. April 25.
7. Precipitous, Pronunciation.
8. Wing Commander.
9. Hamilton.
10. Five furlongs (½ mile).
11. Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.
12. (a) Unicorn, (b) Carpenter.

JANE

Jane is understudying the part of Dick Whittington in a local pantomime...



The Shot

By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

WE were stationed in a little town. The life of an officer in the army is well known. In the morning, drill and the riding-school; dinner with the Colonel or at a restaurant; in the evening, punch and cards. For there was not one open house, not a single marriageable girl. We used to meet in each other's rooms, where, except our uniforms, we never saw anything.

One civilian only was admitted into our society. He was about thirty-five years of age, and therefore we looked upon him as an old fellow. His experience gave him great advantage over us, and his habitual taciturnity, stern disposition and caustic tongue produced a deep impression upon our young minds.

Some mystery surrounded his existence; he had the appearance of a Russian, although his name was a foreign one. He had formerly served in the Hussars, and with distinction. Nobody knew the cause that had induced him to retire from the service and settle in a wretched little village, where he lived poorly, and at the same time extravagantly.

He always went on foot, and constantly wore a shabby black overcoat, but the officers of our regiment were ever welcome at his table. His dinners, it is true, never consisted of more than two or three dishes, prepared by a retired soldier, but the champagne flowed like water. Nobody knew what his circumstances were, or what his income was, and nobody dared to question him about them.

He had a collection of books, consisting chiefly of works on military matters and a few novels. He willingly lent them to us to read, and never asked for them back; on the other hand, he never returned to the owner the books that were lent to him.

His principal amusement was shooting with a pistol. The walls of his room were riddled with bullets and were as full of holes as a honey-comb. A rich collection of pistols was the only luxury in the humble cottage where he lived. The skill which he had acquired with his favourite weapon was simply incredible; and if he had offered to shoot a pear off somebody's forage-cap, not a man in our regiment would have hesitated to place the object upon his head.

Our conversation often turned upon duels. Silvio—so I will call him—never joined in it. When asked if he had ever fought, he drily replied that he had; but he entered into no particulars, and it was evident that such questions were not to his liking. We came to the conclusion that he had upon his conscience the memory of some unhappy victim of his terrible skill!

Moreover, it never entered into the head of any of us

to suspect him of anything like cowardice. There are persons whose mere look is sufficient to repel such a suspicion. But an unexpected incident occurred which astounded us all.

One day, about ten of our officers dined with Silvio. They drank as usual, that is to say, a great deal. After dinner we asked our host to hold the bank for a game at faro.

For a long time he refused, for he hardly ever played, but at last he ordered cards to be brought, placed half a hundred ducats upon the table, and sat down to deal. We took our places round him and the play began.

It was Silvio's custom to preserve a complete silence when playing. He never disputed, and never entered into explanations. If the punter made a mistake in calculating, he immediately paid him the difference or noted down the surplus. We were acquainted with this habit of his, and we always allowed him to have his own way; but among us on this occasion was an officer who had only recently been transferred to our regiment. During the course of the

game this officer absently scored one point too many. Silvio took the chalk and noted down the correct amount according to his usual custom. The officer, thinking that he had made a mistake, began to enter into explanations.

Silvio continued dealing in silence. The officer, losing patience, took the brush and rubbed out what he considered was wrong. Silvio took the chalk and corrected the score again.

The officer, heated with wine, play, and the laughter of his comrades, considered himself grossly insulted, and in his rage he seized a brass candlestick from the table and hurled it at Silvio, who barely succeeded in avoiding the missile.

We were filled with consternation. Silvio rose, white with rage, and with gleaming eyes said:

"My dear sir, have the goodness to withdraw, and thank God that this has happened in my house."

None of us entertained the slightest doubt as to what the result would be, and we already looked upon our new comrade as a dead man.

The officer withdrew, saying that he was ready to answer for his offence in whatever way the banker liked.

The play went on for a few minutes longer, but, feeling that our host was no longer interested in the game, we withdrew one after the other and repaired to our respective quarters, after having exchanged a few words upon the probability of there soon being a vacancy in the regiment.

The next day, at the riding-school, we were already asking each other if the poor lieutenant was still alive, when he himself appeared among us.

We put the same question to him, and he replied that he had not yet heard from Silvio. This astonished us.

We went to Silvio's house, and found him in the courtyard, shooting bullet after bullet into an ace pasted upon the gate. He received us as usual, but did not utter a word about the event of the previous evening.

Three days passed, and the lieutenant was still alive. We asked each other in astonishment:

"Can it be possible that Silvio is not going to fight?" (To be continued)

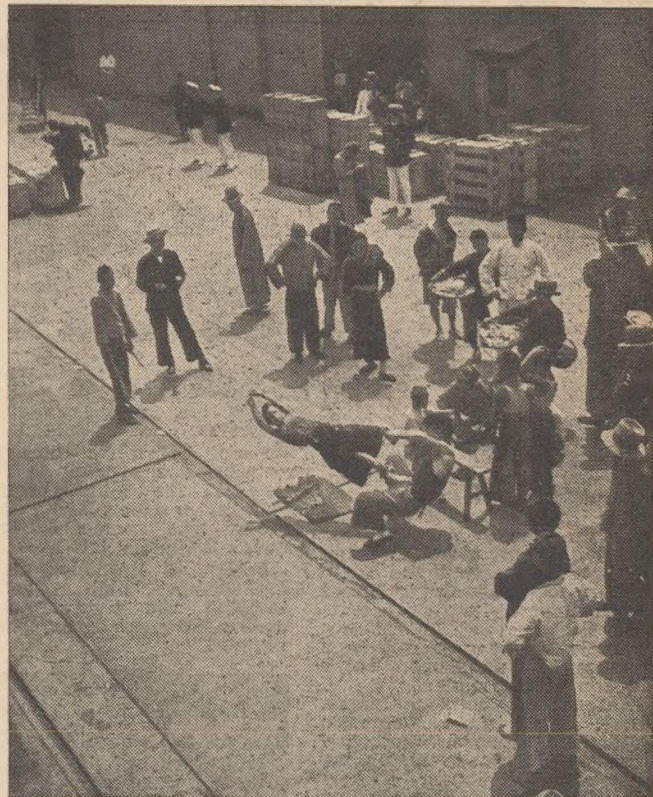
Here are some fruits. They read across, so see how many you can find.

ENRUP
NERAOG
NIRENTGA
ROEYOBREKTA
CARLNUBRKTA
TURAGFIPER
PEAPNEPIL
REHYRC
PERAG

(Answer on Page 3).

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



THEY SING AND SWING
The scene is the docks at Shanghai, where roving acrobats often give displays that would secure them long contracts in Western music-halls, but in China their only audiences are the porters and workers. No elaborate stage setting is required—a stool on which to rest, and the performers give their show and then pass on to the next likely spot for the "act."

ODD CORNER

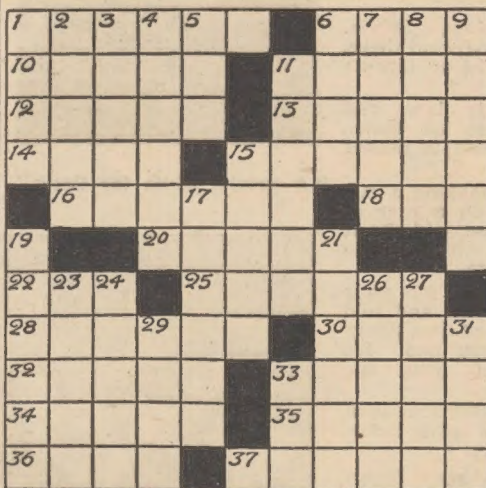
THERE is only one cricketer who has ever broken a record which lasted a hundred years, and that is Percy Holmes, of Yorkshire. At Lord's against Middlesex in 1925 he scored 315. This broke the record for the ground established 105 years previously by William Ward, who scored 278 in 1820.

The first century at cricket was scored by J. Aylward, of Hambledon. Playing against England at Sevenoaks, in 1777, Aylward scored 167. He began batting at 5 p.m. on a Wednesday, batted all through Thursday, and was bowled soon after 3 on Friday afternoon.

The record number of runs made by one man in one day is 345, which was scored by Macartney against Notts in 1921.

In the middle of the last century two harmoniums with 53 notes to the octave were built, one in London and the other in America, but they were too difficult to play. The only instruments capable of playing perfectly harmonious music are those which do not have keyboards, such as the violin and the human voice. On such instruments there is an infinite number of possible notes between their lowest and highest registers.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Military Servants.
- 6 Horizontal.
- 10 Benefit.
- 11 Effect.
- 12 Response.
- 13 Connects.
- 14 Produced.
- 15 Butt.
- 16 Boy's name.
- 18 Female animal.
- 20 Drink.
- 22 Foolish one.
- 25 Most-up-to-date.
- 28 Boy's name.
- 30 Wearing shoes.
- 32 Creek.
- 33 Musically soft.
- 34 Flat boats.
- 35 Fish.
- 36 Birds.
- 37 Expeditious.

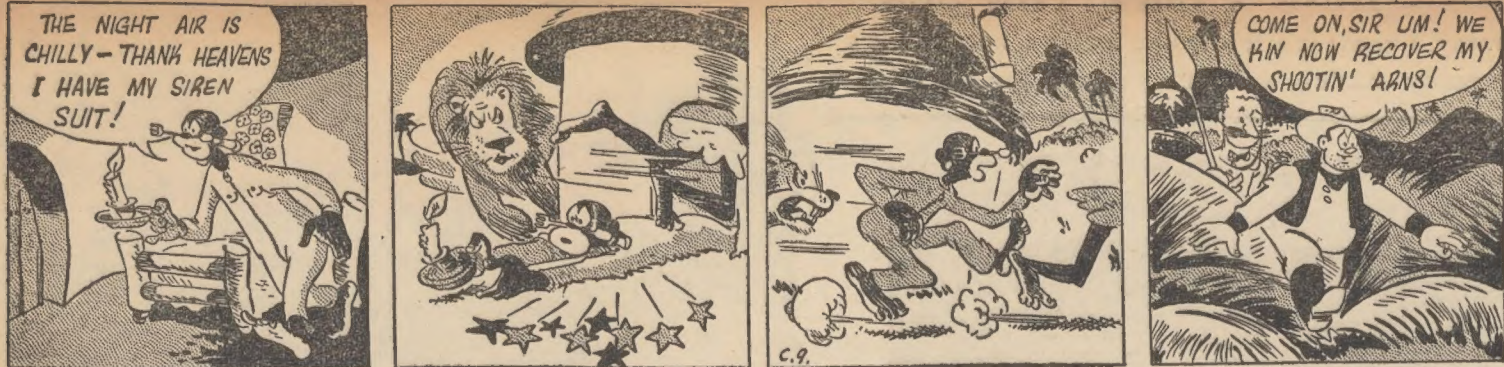
Solution to Problem in No. 240.

SMACK SHOWS
HUB INTERIM
ALOFT RIDGE
FLUE CORE L
TITLARK ROT
D TWEED S
INN ASSORTS
N ASKS DALE
ELITE LOVED
REVENUE
TEEMS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Point of fish-hook.
- 2 Turn away.
- 3 Waxed wick.
- 4 Fungous growth.
- 5 Cambridgeshire town.
- 6 Equitable.
- 7 Thrust.
- 8 Obliquely.
- 9 Bed canopy.
- 11 Wine.
- 15 Complete.
- 17 Servants.
- 19 Rather wan.
- 21 Rebound.
- 23 Inasmuch as.
- 24 Sage.
- 26 Pare.
- 27 Harmonised.
- 29 Information.
- 31 Fish.
- 33 Vigour.

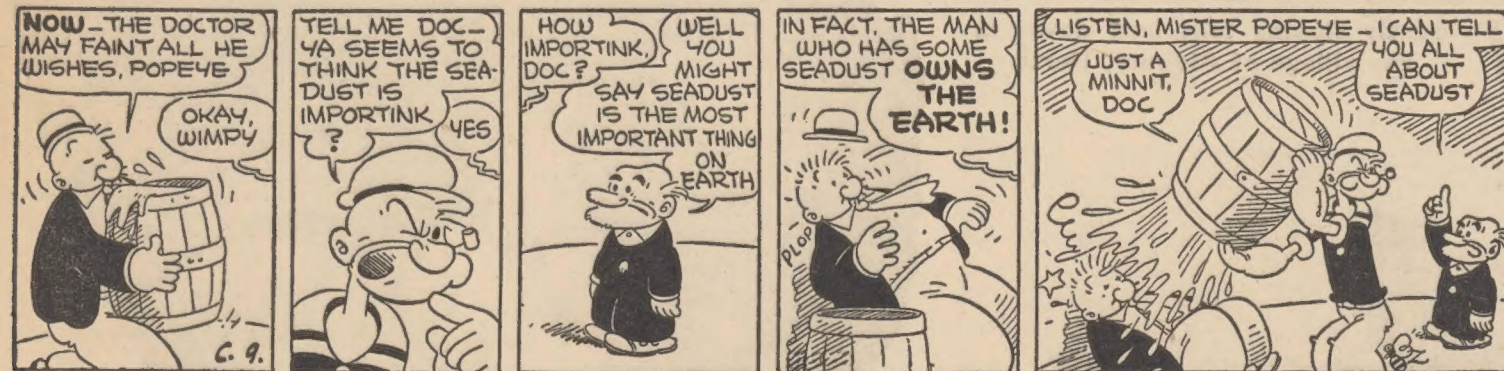
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



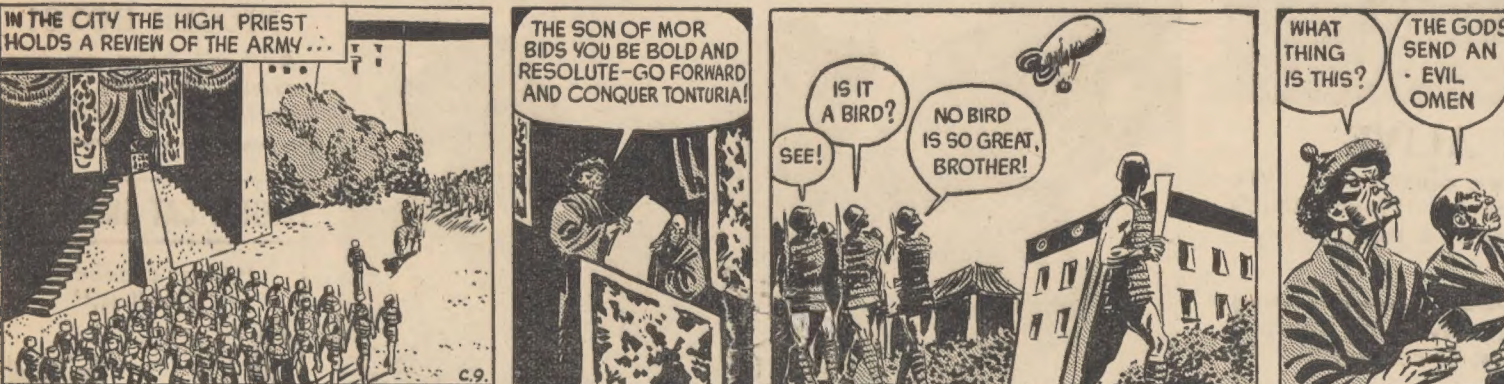
POPEYE



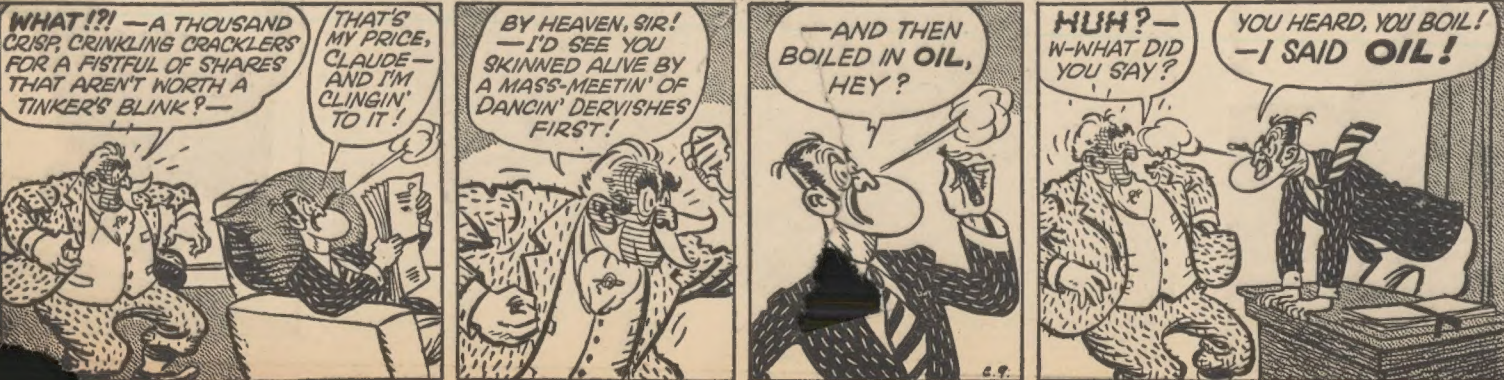
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

ANYONE who has seen and talked with the common people, at night in the air raid shelters, in the hours when darkness approaches, when the long trek commences to some hoped-for safety in the countryside, or at the benches in the factories when they discuss with freedom the habits of their masters, anyone who has seen and talked with them can be quite certain that the freedom for which they are told they are fighting is a freedom for which they propose to fight.

Professor H. J. Laski.

WAR-FACTORY LIFE.

IN many ways the life has special trials. Perpetual noise, perpetual crowds, and, as a rule, no daylight except on Saturday. Different members of these communities have their special rubs. But almost all suffer in one way or another from "occupational cramps," and find it difficult without some outside stimulus both to struggle successfully with their tasks and to remain human, accessible, and interested in things outside the factory.

Amabel Williams-Ellis.

TELLING THE TRUTH.

IF we all told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, a number of well-known professions would become impossible. Diplomacy, for example, together with much statesmanship, salesmanship and advertising. . . . If we were to put the precepts of our religion and the admonitions of our school into practice we would never get a job. Most polite intercourse would also be impossible.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

HOME.

HOUSING needs are too overwhelming at the present time to be placed at the mercy of doctrinaires whose standards are obstructively rigid and narrow—theorists to whom flats are anathema, and who would impose a semi-detached residence on every citizen. . . . But, in all classes alike, the foundation of a snug and secure home is a wife who has learned to keep house and a husband who has learned to keep steady.

Sir Charles Bressey (Town Planning Expert).

BRITAIN MOVES.

ADVANCES and reforms for which the practical men—the "starry-eyed idealists"—have been working for years are emerging through all the turmoil of war and becoming part of national life, as though, having sat for long with the motor switched on, someone—or perhaps forty-seven million people—had suddenly decided to press down the accelerator. The people of Britain have found, in fact, that there is nothing they cannot do and that there is nothing they fear.

Ian Struther (American Journalist).

WE HAVE LEARNT.

IN this bitter struggle we have learnt that if the whole world had followed the Christian moral code in the wholehearted way separate countries followed the Nazi and the Communist and the democratic moral codes, there would never have been a war. . . . So long as Governments continue to ignore the Divine plan they will fail, and their people will be punished with them.

Marchioness of Lothian.

PERMANENT PEACE.

PERMANENT peace will not just happen; it will not spring as a beautiful and desirable growth from the graves and ruins of war. . . . The world at peace which we hope for can be obtained only by those who unite in building it in the same spirit of selfless service as that which unites them now in fighting the war.

Canon Macnutt.

SHORT MEMORIES.

YEARS pass; human memories are as short as human passions are inflammatory and uncontrollable; new generations will succeed ours which only know by hearsay and imagination the horrors through which we have passed. Who can foresee what changes of groupings and alignments of interests may create new crises?

Canon Macnutt.

Solution to Fruits Puzzle on Page 2.

PRUNE
ORANGE
TANGERINE
GOOSEBERRY
BLACKCURRANT
GRAPEFRUIT
PINEAPPLE
CHERRY
GRAPE

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

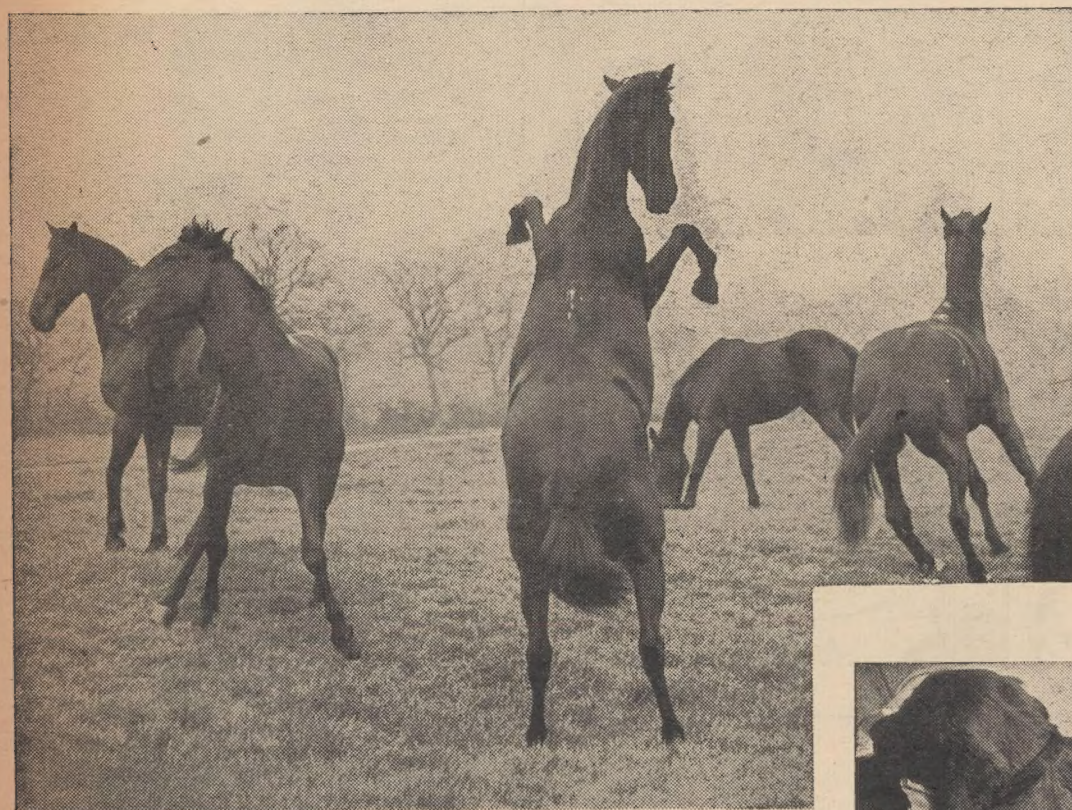
I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE SEA

"Yes, Mummy, I know it's lovely and warm ; but, oh ! it's so big, I really can't — well, it's too big for me !"



This England

Gently sloping hills lead down to the village of Aldbury, Herts.

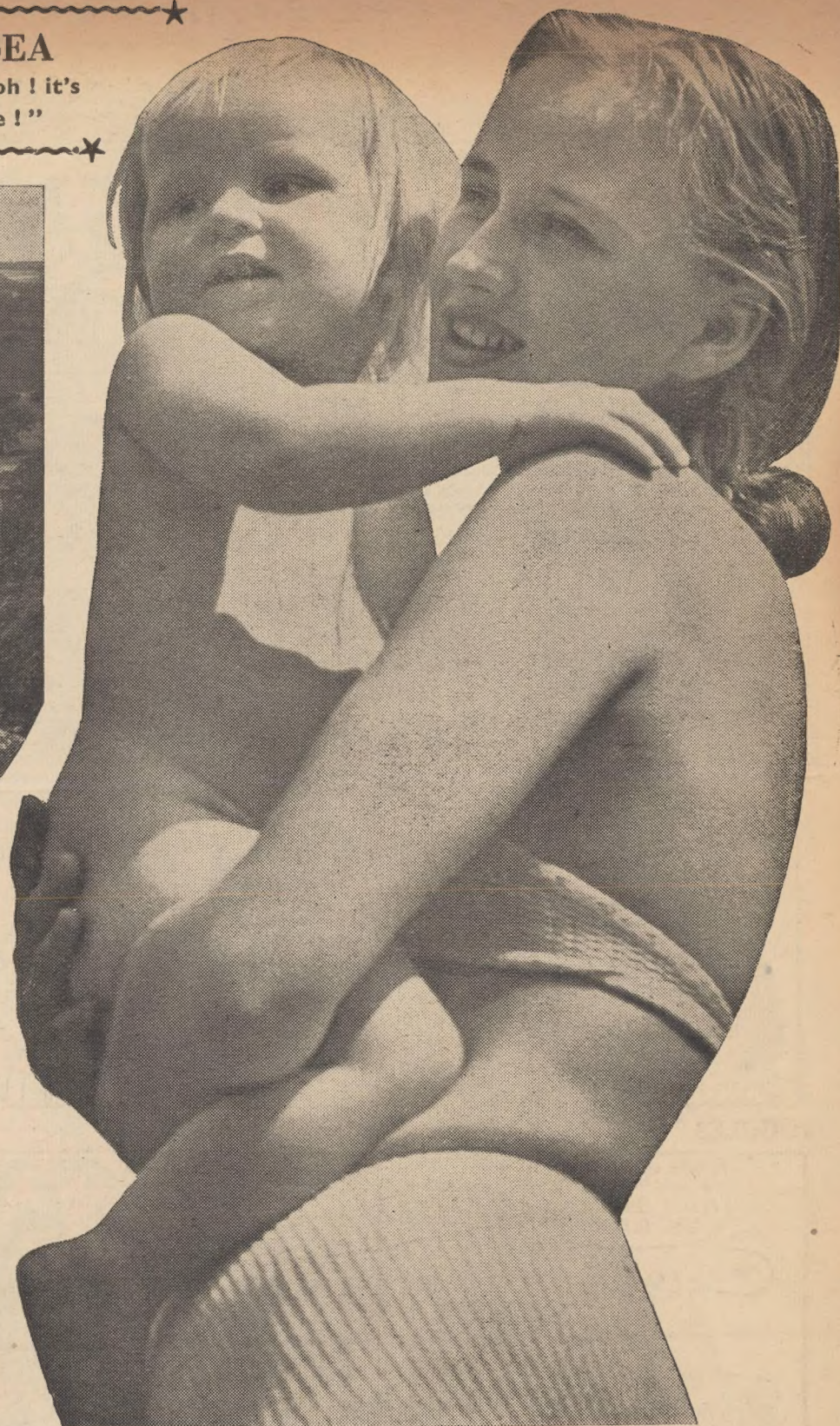
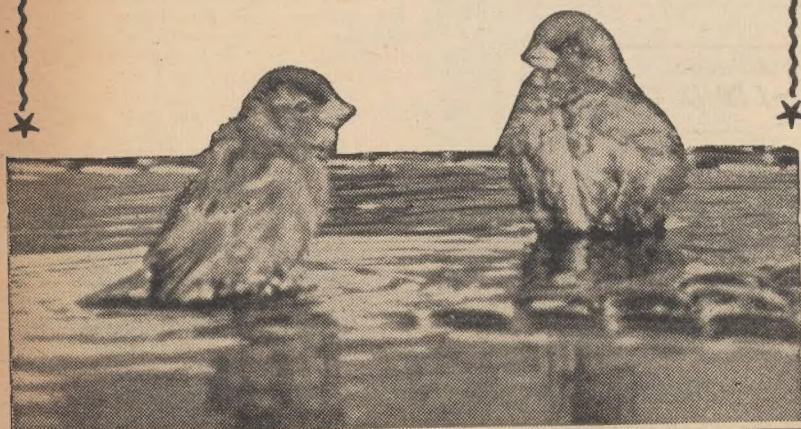


IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE

That "Spring is in the air feeling" we once knew. We also knew it when we threw off our packs. Maybe that's how it feels, too, when these horses are saddle-free.

"What does this E.W.S. stand for ?"

"Excellent Wading for Sparrows, of course."



TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS!

And all born on the same day to Irish setter, Islar of Triesta.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Mass production, I call it."

